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THE MUSICAL TIMES, And Singing Class Circular.

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HAYDN'S MASSES.

Nos. VIII., IX.

Contributed by E. HOLMES.

(Continued from page 309.)

THE Eighth Mass, in B flat, is a short Mass (*missa brevis*) for four voices and a small orchestra—first and second violins, bass, and two trumpets. With but limited means of instrumental accompaniment, this Mass may yet be described as a little work with a great style; the ideas are marked by a certain simple dignity, and by a character eminently devotional. In the *adagio* movement which forms the *Kyrie*, we want no larger orchestra to render imposing the sweet and lofty features of church music. The chorus begins the *Kyrie* in a soft strain of melodiously dispersed parts; and the contrasts of *forte* are composed of sustained and energetic chords, in which the violins, the trumpets, and the organ, all contribute their share of effect. To this Mass, a judicious organ accompaniment is indispensable, —but the chief effect depends on a well-trained and powerful chorus.

To gain time for the development of the subject of the *Gloria*, $\frac{3}{4}$, which is excellent, it is resumed in the *Credo* at "Et resurrexit." By this ingenious and unusual expedient, the composition acquires effect and variety. The composer who loves his art may be trammelled by want of time, but he will not altogether miss his opportunity of making music. Haydn was much in earnest throughout this work. The leading subject of the *Credo* exhibits a dignified example of the modern church style. And in the earlier Masses of the same composer—from No. 8 to the end—we cannot but observe, that the opening subjects generally of their main divisions—*Glorias*, *Credo*s, &c.—are happier in a freedom from resemblance of style, than those already noticed in these pages. From the *Sanctus* to the end, the music rises into high excellence, and even a poetical character of design. How grand and massive is the effect of this opening of the *Sanctus*, with the close answers of the fugued subject:—

Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.

Tutti. *f* Sanc - tus, Sanctus Do - minus

Sanc - tus

The *Osanna* at the end is led off by the bass in a new subject of melodious character, answered in close imitation, and brought to a most agreeable cadence. As a movement of combination, the *Benedictus*, which reminds of the exquisite scoring of the slow movements in the pianoforte quartetts of Mozart, deserves to be held in remembrance; for music possesses too few of these masterly little church pieces. This *Benedictus* blends the delicate stops of the organ and the tones of a soprano voice, with stringed accompaniments, in a manner which delights the eye, and must enchant the ear whenever it is fitly performed. It is a *larghetto*, in E flat, $\frac{4}{4}$; the organ part in the introduction and interludes of a florid elegance; the voice part, a sustained *cantabile* without ornaments—chaste and simple; while the violins, &c., are employed principally in the lower strings. At once may be seen the elements of fine combination; and the effect of this sonorousness in the ample space of a church cannot be doubted. In a minor way, at the pianoforte, with its stringed accompaniments, this *Benedictus* will please. It is a study for the most expressive style of singing. The *Agnus* and *Dona pacem* are united in one expressive movement, which breathes the spirit of the words. A bass solo, in B flat, *adagio*, $\frac{3}{4}$, opens the piece, which is varied by quartett and tutti parts of a solemn and grand character, particularly at the *Miserere*. The character of the *Dona* may be imagined from the calm, religious phrase which introduces it:—

Alto. *Adagio.* Do - na nobis pa - cem.
Tenor. Do - na no - bis
Bass. Do - na nobis pa - cem.

Passages alike vocal, of equal grace and dignity, flow on to the end of the movement, and the concluding bars have a celestial character not easily to be forgotten. Their pious and imploring accents awaken the feelings of all who possess ear and imagination.

The Ninth Mass, in C, is scored for four voices and stringed instruments, two oboes, two horns, trumpets, and drums. This work is of distinguished character. Composed for some gala day or joyful festival of the church, the symphonies of the rather large orchestra overflow in exuberance of ideas,—in brilliancy and animation. The vocal parts are chiefly choral, and the orchestral of primary importance, supplying a multitude

of contrasts and effects in the tones, the melodies, and harmonies, which fix the attention of the auditor, as when he listens to ideas of genius in a symphony for the orchestra. The instrumental opening of the *Kyrie* is like Mozart, using, as he sometimes does, the pen of a child; it begins in a vein of such artless innocence, that we wonder what is coming:—

Vio. 1. *Largo.*
Viola.
Bassi.

The second principal feature in the violins is also in his manner:—

When the voices enter, it is to accompany this orchestral theme, *tutti piano*, and in unison. The holding G, in all the four parts, accompanying this latter phrase of melody, has a fine effect, and is another instance of Haydn's early anticipation of the modern art of combination. An orchestral *tutti* of pompous magnificence, and a fine distribution of moving and holding parts, contrasts with the sweetness of the melodies and passages hitherto heard:—

Vio. 1. *Largo.*
Vio. 2.
Oboi.
Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Viola.
Bassi.

The trumpets, horns, and drums, strike the first crotchet of the bar in this passage with fine effect. Solos and quartett passages of interest, and an attractive return to the subject, assist the instrumental part in rendering this *Kyrie* distinguished.

The *Gloria*, allegro, $\frac{3}{4}$, is a vivacious symphonic movement, such as both Mozart and Haydn authorized in church music by practice and ex-

ample, esteeming quick or slow indifferent, provided that it was not mean or vulgar. Many a "vaulted roof" must have rebounded the echoes of this choral rejoicing, and many a heart palpitated at the extreme prettiness of the instrumental symphonies. One cannot help returning with pleasant thought to the first Sunday or festival morning which introduced such a bold handling of the orchestra to a surprised and eager audience. The music commences somewhat in the manner of Mozart's No. 1:—

Allegro.
Vio. 1.
Vio. 2.
Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.

Chords of all the wind instruments, &c., accompany the voices; and when this loud and brilliant subject is brought to a close, the ear is indulged with a pretty duet for the two violins, such as we sometimes hear in one of Haydn's old symphonies:—

Vio. 1.
Vio. 2.

No holding note divides attention with a theme which excites a smile by its simplicity. The object of this diminution of parts is to give place to a bold contrast when the *Gloria* is repeated in a *forte* of ten bars duration, the voices and oboes holding on the chords, the first violins with the opening subject, and the second continuing in a movement of semiquavers:—

From this place to the end of the *Gloria*, there is a succession of choral and orchestral effects, which remind us of Haydn the symphonist, and Haydn the quartett composer. Of the latter, for example, this elegantly-accompanied phrase of stringed instruments, twice heard:—

which the first violin continues alone:—

leading with satisfactory elegance to the holding chord of G, *piano*, from voices and oboes. The style of the opening movement will have been conceived from these examples. *Qui tollis*, adagio, $\frac{1}{4}$, in E minor, duets for all the voices interspersed, with chorus, is a composition in the old sober church style. The modulation of the choral parts is often solemn and imposing, particularly from "Suscipe" to the end. The *Quoniam*, treble solo, is a bravura, and seems, from the height at which the voice is kept, to have been composed for a boy chorister. It is a composition which has no longer any importance beyond that of a solfeggio. The choral *adagio*, *Cum Sancto*, and the fugue, *Amen*, $\frac{1}{4}$ time, are great and massive in style; the fugue in particular is so sustained, well wrought, and, even to the last stretto, of such ingenious, closely-imitating counterpoint, as to remain to all time a monument of Haydn's mastery. The best of his fugues (not forgetting that at the end of No. 15) is that they are not cold and scholastic,—but animated with the divine "furor" of poetry; even hearers who miss the science find their melody so natural and pleasing, that every heart is penetrated.

In the *Credo*, the triple measure of the *Gloria* is resumed, but in a slower *tempo*. The progression in which the opening is announced, is always heard with pleasure; and although we have it in a duet of Don Giovanni and Leporello (*vide* second act of the opera), it is not even there heard without elevation of feeling. This is the passage, in its dignified and appropriate choral form:—

At different stages of the *Credo*, and in different keys, this subject enters, tempering with a religious severity the many agreeable melodious solos and pleasant orchestral passages for which the music is conspicuous. *Et Incarnatus*, adagio, in C minor, $\frac{3}{4}$, is for a quartett of voices, with accompaniment of stringed instruments and two oboes. At this part of the Mass, the most profound expression is expected; and Mozart never

fails in his treatment of it. Haydn seems to do less here at times than the musician is warranted in requiring. Of this music, the full praise has been bestowed when it is said that it is simple and solemn. The voice parts are chiefly soft and sustained chords, to which the melodious movement is supplied by the orchestra, in those sweet progressions and subdued tones which always attract the listener,—though it may be that novelty of design or combination is absent. The pedal point at "sub Pontio" is also subject to this observation. Effective and beautiful it certainly is, though it marches in the old paths. *Et resurrexit* resumes the first subject and movement of the *Credo*, introducing in its course some new features of importance. The long noted subject of tenors and basses, forte and in unison, at "Et in spiritum," is a powerful reminiscence of the monastic *canto fermo*, and here it is rendered the more *telling* by the thin accompaniment; the stringed instruments being in unison, and the music without chords,—instruments and voices forming two parts only.

After two full chords in minims, followed by a pause, the violins begin the following symphony of the *Sanctus*, adagio and piano, the figure of which is maintained as the choral parts softly enter one by one, from the highest to the lowest:—

Parts thus symmetrical and melodious promise music, and they fulfil their promise. This form of chorus has a genuine character of invention. The *Pleni*, with its stately, long bars, pleases the ear, though Santa Rosalia, at the seventh bar, stands ready to count her beads; and we are thankful that Haydn permits her to count two only. By a dexterous turn in the modulation, he set himself above her temptations.*

The *Benedictus*, in F, $\frac{2}{4}$, andante moderato, is for a quartett of singers, with the stringed instruments, two oboes, and two horns. The composition is somewhat in the Italian church style of Mozart; the holding notes of the wind instruments, and the iteration of the second violins, form a modern orchestral adjustment of the most pleasing character. A slightly florid melody gives elegance to the solos, and sets off the passages of combination, which have a delicacy and simplicity quite Mozartean. All the chief features of this *Benedictus* being heard in dominant and tonic, it is rather long, and the

* The young musician may require to be informed that the repetition of a musical phrase by gradations a note higher, from the lapse of invention it indicates, has been satirically designated *Rosalia*, in allusion to a nun telling her beads. Instances are, however, found, where even this generally condemned practice has its effect, and the famous "Hallelujah" of Handel is a memorable one.

Osanna is dispatched in a coda of six bars. *Agnus Dei*, adagio, A minor, $\frac{3}{4}$, is a movement of noble and pathetic style, accompanied almost wholly by strings, except a few holding notes of the oboes; the entire orchestra is reserved for the end, but the chorus alone, *tutti piano*, forms the impressive cadence. The solos, quartetts, *tutts*, and the violin symphonies, all utter the great voice of music in this *Agnus*, and create profound sensations. This fine Mass is terminated by a remarkable finale,—a *Dona* of such liveliness, melody, and symphonic contrast, that it will bear comparison with Mozart's in No. 12, in the spirit of which it participates.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

A Translation from the German.

"In Germany, those who can do nothing else—write; and those who cannot even write—criticise."—*Börne*.

"All our talents are presented on a salver to public opinion. The critical papers which appear daily in fifty different places, and form the public into a *claque*, prevent anything worthy from appearing. In the present day, he who cannot withdraw from such influence, and isolate himself entirely, is utterly lost. It is true that a kind of half-culture of the masses is effected by the bad and usually negatively æsthetic power of journal criticism; but it acts on a prominent talent like as a chilling mist, a numbing poison, and destroys the plant of productive power, from its green adorning leaves, even to the sap and deepest roots."

Thus says Goethe, as you may read in "Eckermann's Conversations;" and yet, the age in which Goethe lived was, in this respect, a real age of Innocence compared with our own epoch. For as, in the olden time of *right of might*, highwaymen waylaid in ambush behind every forest corner and in every hollow lane, to surprise honest travellers,—so, in our day, a critical bushranger hides beneath each newspaper article, and attacks the unwary artiste who ventures forth into the world of publicity. Each coterie or criticising Inquisition (*Vehmgericht*) has its masked officials, who summon or drag a poor artiste to their council, that he may be condemned, if he have acted contrary to their arbitrary and self-elected government. Of criticising shoemakers, we have, alack! more than sufficient, but the Apelles are few. Excess of criticism does not, as some imagine, result from the absence of creative talents; but, on the contrary, talents are often retarded in their development, or even ruined and destroyed, by the overgrowth of weed-like criticism. Until the fatal power of journals is crushed, and until the ancient implicit and unshackled time of Art-creation and Art-enjoyment return, productive genius will never rise to the freshness, youthful strength, and virginity of former times. Would the public leave unnoticed the critics of the day, it might assert its independence by applauding that which it likes, and neglecting that which it likes not,—instead of repeating, as now often happens, the cry of critical *prejudges* (full of prejudice), and dealing applause or disapproval according to the word of command given by some party leader.

As the public never dares express its own natural judgment, and criticism cannot be relied on, an artiste can never know with certainty, what really pleases, and what does not. If the public falter and play false, and critics err through ignorance or mislead through spite, what shall the creating artiste believe? Whither shall he direct his search? Take up any musical newspapers, and you will read not only most ridiculous and absurd assertions, but flatly contradictory phrases, which are alternately used for praise or blame. And

this is natural. Hegel says: "It is difficult to give a correct criticism, because the impressibility of the critic is disturbed by a thousand antagonistic principles which exist within him." This is true, and this dullness is caused by prejudice, want of knowledge, and partiality, for the principal critics of the present day are amateurs and dabblers; it would be impossible, even with the aid of a hundred lighted lanterns, to find now-a-days such critics as Lessing, the two Schlegels, Goethe, Schiller,—and on music, Rochlitz, Hoffmann, and so forth. Musical criticism is mostly furnished by *Art-enthusiasts*, who go into fits about Art, become extatic, and even delirious; they are not answerable for their words, but their disease is as contagious as St. Vitus' dance:—by *Art-talkers*, honest souls, who cannot work themselves into fits, but, having no knowledge or judgment of their own, repeat fashionable phrases, rosary like, and without thought, deceiving themselves and others by such propagation:—by *Art-hypocrites*, who feel otherwise than they profess, but who, fearing to be thought ignorant, ape Art-enthusiasts, whose fevered phantasies pass for oracles:—and lastly, by *Art-liars*, the most dangerous and mischievous, who form themselves into *coteries*, and deserve a separate letter.* Judgments of real *Art-knowers* are extremely rare, and, like single voices lost in a howling desert, are overpowered by the louder noise of the many. Would you have a *small* sample of newspaper comments and assertions? One says of a symphony—"it has too little melody;" and a fortnight after, of another—"it has too much melody." A so-called critic in one of the new musical journals, awarded Schumann "the palm of life!" for the first movement of his symphony; but as to the others, he refused to "write them in the book of History!" "Spohr (in the *Berggeist*) has impressively rendered the fundamental principle, that love belongs to the human, and not the spiritual world!" (How can he have managed this?) Brendal says—"Mozart is the poet of sexual love." Griepenkerl, who would willingly amputate the wings of Pegasus, and employ him as a cavalry horse in a democratic volunteer regiment, asserts that—"Haydn's symphonies contain the opinions of the seven years' war!" and therefore advises *music for the moment!* Brendal divides music into *aristocratic* and *democratic*. Standard phrases are—"Genius must be free"—"He uses worn-out means"—"He has struck out no new path." Such and other so-called artistically philosophic phrases are like hard nuts, which require much gnawing before we can crack the thick shell; and when it is accomplished, we often only find a little tasteless, shrivelled-up kernel, or a maggot, or—nothing at all. The public, which ever and ever sins against the eleventh commandment, "Be not taken in," fancies wonders of wisdom exist; but a young artiste is distressed by these maxims, which stand between him and his art like threatening spectres. M^{de}. de Stael says—"There appear to intervene between ourselves and the object we seek to depict, a crowd of treatises upon Art,—upon the Ideal and the Real,—and the artiste is no longer alone with Nature."† And Eckermann, in his *Conversations*, says—"It is a pity," said I, "that so many false teachers exist, for a young artiste knows not to what saint he ought to recommend himself." "Of this we have examples," said Goethe; "we have seen *whole generations deteriorated and destroyed by false maxims*."

* The original work is written in letters.

† "Ou croit sentir, entre soi et l'objet que l'on veut peindre, une foule de traités sur l'art, sur l'idéal et le réel, et l'artiste n'est plus seul avec la Nature."